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Shipping Letter, "D."

DR. TALMAGE ON WAR

APPROPRIATE MEMORIAL DAY SER-
MON BY THE ELOQUENT PREACHER.

He Calls Down the Wrath of the Almighty
Against War, but Later He Indulges In
Sentiments That Will Please Belligerent
Jingoes.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—What could
be more appropriate for stirring than
this discourse by the Rev. Dr. Talmage
at the time of year when the friends of
those who wore the blue and the gray
have decorated the mounds of the fallen?

The text was Solomon's Song iv, 4,
"The tower of David built for an
armory, wherein there hung a thousand
buckles, all shields of mighty men."

The church is here compared to an
armory, the walls hung with trophies
of dead heroes. Walk all about this
tower of David and see the dented
shields, and the twisted swords, and
the rusted helmets of terrible battle.
So at this season, a month earlier at the
south, a month later at the north, the
American churches are turned into ar-
moreries adorned with memories of de-
parted heroes. Blossom and bloom, O
walls, with stories of self sacrifice and
patriotism and prowess!

By unanimous decree of the people of
the United States of America the graves
of all the northern and southern dead
are every year decorated. All acerbity
and bitterness have gone out of the na-
tional solemnity, and as the men and
women of the south one month ago
decorated the cemeteries and graveyards
so yesterday we, the men and women of
the north, put upon the tombs of our
dead the kiss of patriotic affection.
Bravery always appreciates bravery,
though it fight on the other side, and if
a soldier of the Federal army had been
a month ago at Savannah he would not
have been ashamed to march in the
floral procession to the cemetery. And
if yesterday a Confederate soldier was
at Arlington he was glad to put a sprig
of heartsease on the silent heart of our
dead.

In a battle during our last war the
Confederates were driving back the Fed-
erals, who were in swift retreat, when a
Federal officer dropped wounded. One
of his men stopped at the risk of his life
and put his arms around the officer to
carry him from the field. Fifty Confed-
erate muskets were aimed at the young
man who was picking up the officer.
But the Confederate captain shouted:
"Hold! Don't shoot! That fellow is too
brave to shoot." And as the Federal
officer, held up by his private soldier,
went limping slowly off the field the
Confederates gave three cheers for the
brave private, and just before the two
disappeared behind a barn both the
wounded officer and the brave private
lifted their caps in gratitude to the Con-
federate captain.

Shall the gospel be less generous than
the world? We stack arms, the bayonet
of our northern gun facing this way,
the bayonet of the southern gun facing
the other way, and as the gray of the
morning melts into the blue of noon so
the typical gray and blue of old war
times have blended at last, and they
quote in the language of King James'
translation without any revision, "Glory
to God in the highest, and on earth
peace, good will to men." Now, what
do we mean by this great observance?

The Lesson of It.

First, we mean instruction to one
whole generation. Subtract 1865, when
the war ended, from our 1896, and you
will realize what a vast number of peo-
ple were born since the war, or were so
young as to have no vivid appreciation.
No one under 41 years of age has any
adequate memory of it, let alone of the
horror. Do you remember it? "Well," you
say, "I only remember that mother
wounded away while she was reading
the newspaper, and that they brought
my father home wrapped in the flag,
and that a good many people came in
the house to pray, and mother faded
away after that until again there were
many people in the house and they told
me she was dead."

There are others who cannot remember
the roll of a drum or the tramp of a
regiment or a sigh or a tear of that tor-
menting era that swept the nation again
and again until there was one dead in
each house. Now, it is the religious
duty of those who do remember it to tell
those who do not. My young friends,
there were such partings at rail car win-
dows and steamboat wharfs, and at
front doors of comfortable homes as I
pray God you may never witness. Oh,
what a time it was when fathers and
mothers gave up the sons, and never
peering to see them again and never did
see them again until they came back
mutilated and crushed and dead!

Four years of blood. Four years of
hostile experiences. Four years of ghastli-
ness. Four years of grave-digging.
Four years of funerals, coffins, shrouds,
hearses, dirges. Mourning, mourning,
mourning! It was hell let loose. What
a time of waiting for news! Morning
paper and evening paper scrutinized for
intelligence from the boys at the front.
First, announcement that the battle
must occur the next day. Then the news
of the battle's going on. On the follow-
ing day still going on. On the news of
30,000 slain, and of the names of the
great generals who had fallen, but no
news about the private soldiers. Wait-
ing for news! After many days a long
list of wounded going through the town or
city, but no news from our boys. Then a
long list of wounded and a long list of the
dead, and a long list of our boys.

When missing? How missing? Who
saw him last? Missing, missing! Was he
in the woods or by the stream? How
was he hurt? Missing, missing! What
burning prayers that he may yet be
heard from! In that awful waiting for
news many a life perished. The strain
of anxiety was too great. That wife's
brain gave way that first week after the
battle, and over and over she walks the
floor of the asylum or looks out of the
window as though she expected some
one to come along the path and up the
steps as she soliloquizes, "Missing,
missing!"

A Man of Peace.

What made matters worse, all this
might have been avoided. There was no
need of that war that at this moment
I should plunge a dagger
through your heart. There were a few
Christian philanthropists in those days,
soaked at both by north and south, who
had the right of it. If they had been
heard on both sides, we should have
had no war and no slavery. It was ad-

vised by those Christian philanthropists.
"Let the north pay in money for the
slaves as property and set them free!"
The north said, "We cannot afford to
pay." The south said, "We will not
sell the slaves anyhow." But the north
did pay in war expenses enough to pur-
chase the slaves, and the south was com-
pelled to give up slavery anyhow. Might
not the north better have paid the
money and saved the lives of 500,000
brave men, and might not the south
better have sold out slavery and saved
her 500,000 brave men? I swear you by
the graves of your fathers and brothers
and sons to a new hatred for the cham-
pion cause of the universe—war!

O Lord God, with the hottest bolt
of thine omnipotent indignation strike
that monster down forever and ever! Im-
prison it in the deepest dungeon of the
eternal penitentiary. Bolt it in with all
the sabers that ever glittered in battle
and wring its soul with all the pangs
which it ever caused. Let it feel all the
conflagrations of the homesteads it ever
destroyed. Deeper down let it fall and
in fiercer flame let it burn, till it has
gathered into its heart all the suffering
of eternity as well as time. In the name
of the millions of graves of its victims,
I denounce it. The nations need more
the spirit of treaty and love of the spirit
of war.

War is more ghastly now than once,
not only because of the greater destruc-
tiveness of its weaponry, but because
now it takes down the best men, where-
as once it chiefly took down the worst.
Bruce in 1717, in his "Institutions of
Military Law," said of the European
armies of his day, "If all infamous per-
sons and such as have committed capital
crimes, heretics, atheists and all dastardly
feminine men were weeded out of
the army, it would soon be reduced
to a pretty moderate number." Flogging
and mean pay made them still more in-
soluble. Officers were appointed to see
that each soldier drank his ration of a
pint of spirits a day. There were noble
men in battle, but the moral character
of the army then was 95 per cent lower
than the moral character of an army to-
day. By so much is war now more
detestable because it destroys the picked
men of the nations.

Honor our Country.

Again, by this national ceremony we
mean to honor country. Many of those
departed soldiers were volunteers, not
conscripts, and many of those who were
drafted might have provided a substi-
tute or got off on furlough or have de-
serted. The fact that they lie in their
graves is proof of their bravery. Brave
at the front, brave at the cannon's
mouth, brave on lonely picket duty,
brave in cavalry charge, brave before the
surgeon, brave in the dying message
to the home child, on Wednesday put a
garland on the brow of courage. The
war I want more of it.

The church of God is in woeful need
of men who can stand under fire. The
lion of worldly derision roars and the
sheep tremble. In great reformatory
movements at the first shot how many
fall back! The great obstacle to the
church's advancement is the inanity,
the vacuity, the soft pretenses, the
manly pamblyism of professed Chris-
tians. Grant on a parade, coward in
battle. Afraid of getting their plumage
soiled, they carry a parasol over their
helmets. They go to battle not with
warrior's gait, but with kid gloves,
not clutching the sword but tight
lest the glove split at the back.

In all our reformatory and Christian
work the great want is more backbone,
more mettle, more daring, more prov-
ence. We would in all our churches like
to trade off a hundred do-nothings for
one do-anything. "Quit yourselves like
men," be strong.

The points in all this glorious war
shall conquer, though they die.
They see the triumph from afar
And salute it with their eyes.

Again, we mean by this national ob-
servance to honor self sacrifice for oth-
ers. To all these departed men home and
kindred were as dear as our home and
kindred are to us. Do you know how
they felt? Just as you and I would feel
starting out tomorrow morning with
nine chances out of ten against our re-
turning alive, for the intelligent soldier
sees not only battle ahead, but malaria
and sickness and the danger of being
lost in the wilderness. Had these
men chosen they could have spent last
night in their homes and today have
been seated where you are. They chose
the camp not because they liked it bet-
ter than their own home, and followed
the drum and fife not because they
were better music than the voices of the
domestic circle. South Mountain and
Mud Run and the swamps of Chicka-
hominy were not playgrounds.

These heroes risked and lost all for
others. There is no higher nobility
than that. To keep three quarters for
ourselves and give a quarter to others
is honorable. To divide even with oth-
ers is generous. To keep nothing for
ourselves and give all for others is mag-
nanimity. Christlike. Put a garland
around your body and then measure the
gristle and see if you are 50 or 60 inches
round. And is that the circle of your
sympathies—the size of yourself? Or,
to measure you around the heart, would
it take a giraffe large enough to encircle
the land and measure the world? You
want to know what we do theologians
mean when we talk of vicarious suffer-
ing. Look at the soldiers' graves and
find out. Vicarious—pangs for others,
wounds for others, homesickness for oth-
ers, blood for others, sepulcher for oth-
ers.

Those who visited the national cem-
eteries at Arlington Heights and at Rich-
mond and Gettysburg saw one inscrip-
tion on soldiers' tombs often repeated
than any other—"Unknown." When
about 21 years ago I was called to de-
liver the oration at Arlington Heights,
Washington, I was not so much im-
pressed with the minute guns that shook
the earth or with the arduousness of pre-
sident and cabinet and foreign ministers
and generals of the army and commo-
dore of the navy as with the pathetic
and overwhelming suggestiveness of
that epitaph on so many graves at my
feet, "Unknown!" "Unknown!" It
seems to me that the time must come
when the government of the United
States shall take off that epitaph. They
are no more unknown! We have found
them out at last. They are the beloved
sons of the republic.

Would it not be well to take the
statue of the heathen goddess off the top
of the capital (for I have no faith in the
morals of a heathen goddess) and put
one great statue in all our national
cemeteries—a statue of Liberty in the
form of a Christian woman with her
hand on an open Bible and her foot on
the Rock of Ages, with the other hand
pointing down to the graves of the un-
known, saying, "These are my sons who
died that I might live." Take off the
misnomer. Everybody knows them. It
is of comparatively little importance
what was the name given them in bap-
tism of water. In the holier and mightier
baptism of blood we know them, and
yesterday the nation put both arms
around them and hugged them to her
heart, crying, "Mine forever!"

Again, by this national ceremony we
mean the future defense of this nation.
By every wreath of flowers on the sol-
diers' graves we say, "Those who die
for the country shall not be forgotten,"
and that will give enthusiasm to our
young men in eastern schools and in
the future to defend this nation in battle.
We shall never have another war be-
tween north and south. The old decayed
bone of contention, American slavery,
has been cast out, although here and
there a depraved politician takes it up
to see if he can't gnaw something off it.
We are floating off farther and farther
from the possibility of sectional strife.

Everything For Defense.

No possibility of civil war. But about
foreign invasion I am not so certain.
When I spoke against war, I said nothing
against self defense. An invader
who told me that he had invented a style
of weapon which could be used in self de-
fense, but not in aggressive warfare, I
said, "When you get the nations to
adopt that weapon, you have introduced
the millennium." I have no right to go
on my neighbor's premises and assault
him, but if some ruffian break into my
house for the assassination of my family,
and I can borrow a gun and load it
in time and aim it straight enough, I
will shoot him.

There is no room on this continent for
any other nation except Canada, and a
neighboring one never had. If you
don't think so, go to Montreal and To-
ronto and see how well they will treat
you. Other than that there is absolutely
no room for any other nation. I have
been across the continent again and
again and know that we have not a
half inch of ground for the gouty foot
of foreign despotism to stand on. But I am
not so sure that some of the arrogant
nations of Europe may not some day
challenge us. I do not know that those
forts around New York bay are to sleep
all through the next century. I do not
know that Barnegat lighthouse will not
yet look off upon a hostile navy. I do
not know but that a half dozen nations,
envious of our prosperity, may want to
give us a wrestle. During our civil war
there were two or three nations that
could hardly keep their hands off us. It
is very easy to pick national quarrels,
and if our nation escapes much longer it
will be the exception.

If foreign foes should come, we want
men like those of 1812 and like those of
1862 to meet them. We want them all
up and down the coast, Pulaski and
Fort Sumter in the same chorus of
thunder as Fort Lafayette and Fort
Hamilton—men who will not only know
how to fight, but how to die. When
such a time comes, if it ever does come,
the generation on the stage of action
will say: "My country will not give up
its life for the sake of the soldier's as-
sault, but for the orphans in the civil war,
and my country will honor my dust as it
honored those who preceded me in
patriotic sacrifice, and once a year at any
rate, on Decoration day, I shall be re-
surrected into the remembrance of those
for whom I died. Here I go for God and
my country! Huzzah!"

If foreign foes should come, the old
sectional animosities would have no
power. Here go our regiments into the
battlefield—Fifteenth New York volun-
teers, Tenth Alabama cavalry, Four-
teenth Pennsylvania riflemen, Tenth
Massachusetts artillery, Seventh South
Carolina sharpshooters. I do not know
but it may require the attack of some
foreign foe to make us forget our absurd
sectional wrangling. I have no faith
in the cry, "No north, no south, no
east, no west!" Let all four sections
keep their peculiarities and their pre-
ferences, each doing its own work and
each interfering with each other, each of
the four carrying its part in the grand
harmony—the bass, the alto, the tenor,
the soprano—in the grand march of
Union.

Promise of the Resurrection.

Once more, this great national cere-
mony means the beautification of the
tombs, whether of those who fell in
battle or accident, or who have expired
in their beds, or in our arms, or on our
hips. I suppose you have noticed that
many of the families take this season as
the time for the adornment of their
family plots. This national observance
has secured the arboriculture and flor-
iculture of the cemeteries, the straight-
ening up of many a slab planted 30 or
40 years ago, and has swung the scythe
through the long grass and has brought
the stonemason to call out the half ob-
literated epitaph. This day is the beau-
tiful of the resting place of father,
mother, son, daughter, brother, sister.

It is all that we can do for them now.
Make their resting places attractive, not
absurd with costly outlay, but in quiet
remembrance. You know how. If you
can afford only one flower, that will do
it. Show what you would do if you
could. One blossom from you may mean
more than the Duke of Wellington's
catalpa. Oh, we cannot afford to forget
them. They were so lovely to us.
We miss them so much. We will never
get over it. Blessed Lord Jesus, comfort
our broken hearts. From every bank of
flowers breathe promise of resurrection.

In olden times the Hebrews, returning
from their burial place, used to pluck
the grass from the field and give it to
the poor, and throw it over their heads,
suggestive of the resurrection. We pick
not the grass, but the flowers, and in-
stead of throwing them over our heads
we place them before our eyes, right
down over the silent heart that once
beat with warmest love toward us, or
over the stiff feet that ran to service, or
over the lips from which we took the
kiss at the anguish of the last parting.

But stop! We are not infidels. Our
bodies will soon join the bodies of our
departed friends and our spirits
shall join their spirits in the land of the
rising sun. We cannot long be separated.
Instead of crying with Jacob for Joseph,
"I will go down into the grave unto my
son, mourning," let us cry with David,
"I shall go to him."

On one of the gates of Greenwood is
the quaint inscription, "A night's lodg-
ing on the way to the city of the New

Jerusalem." Comfort one another with
these words. May the hand of him who
shall wipe away all tears from all eyes
wipe your cheek with its softest tend-
erness. The Christ of Mary and Martha
and Lazarus will unfold you in his arms.
The white robed angels who sat at the
tomb of Jesus will yet roll the stone
from the door of your dead in radiant
resurrection. The Lord himself shall de-
scend from heaven with a shout and the
voice of the archangel. So the "Dead
March" in "Saul" shall become the
"Hallelujah Chorus."

Missionaries and Native Morals.

The failure of the English Protestant
missionaries in west Africa to recog-
nize the difference between the mind
of the Africans and their own, and their
tendency to regard the African mind
as so many jugs, which have only to be
emptied of the stuff which is in them
and refilled with the particular form of
doctrine they, the missionaries, are en-
gaged in teaching, is certainly one
among several causes of the mission
failures, and it works in very various
ways—by eliminating those parts of
the fetish that were a wholesome re-
straint and putting in their place the
doctrine of the forgiveness of sin by
means of repentance, etc. This part of
the Christian doctrine the negroes are
very devoted to.

I have tackled several mission trained
men and women and asked them how
they reconciled it to themselves to go on
in the way they were doing, openly con-
trary to the teaching they had received.
What they say I will not write down. I
should prefer to give a verbatim report
of the observations of a son captain
when the steering gear has broken
down, but it amounts to the statement
that they know they are doing wrong,
but they intend to repent in time. Can
you cannot call it, because they quite
believe it. Several times I have been in
tight places with backsliders, and they
have turned their entire attention to
this repentance, pouring out full confes-
sions of their iniquities instead of
lending a hand that would save their
lives. The popularity of a (to me) very
unpleasant line of hymns in the southwest
constitutes has a chorus of

A little talk with Jesus
Makes it right,
All right,
demonstrates their view of the affair—
no doubt sound doctrine, but for
negro morals in this world.—National